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ENG 100

Formal Assignment #1

12 October 2017

Circles

Stopped at a red light, I look in my review mirror and notice a stain on the collar of my favorite blue work shirt. This shirt is my favorite shirt because it is the only shirt that’s tainted with the daily disarray that Chick-Fil-A has to offer, and it matched my favorite work tie. In frustration, I tightly grip my steering wheel until my fingers come across a ripped piece of leather. I start to peel a large piece of leather off of my decaying steering wheel. I’m abruptly interrupted by the cassette adaptor, when my favorite song “All the small things” by Blink-182 starts to cut off. While I bend and spin the aux cord trying to hone in on the perfect spot, , I’m interrupted by a, loud HONK from the shiny black Infinity behind me. I quickly hit the gas and continue to drive down 420 Until my gas light turns on. I pull into a Wawa to fill up my gas tank. I approach the line and see my friend Jake. I graduated with Jake, who was wearing the same work shirt, and tie as I am. When I approached Jake I could still smell the laundry detergent lingering off of his clothing, mixed with the coffee that he was holding. He soon tells me about how he just finished his last final at Delaware County Community College, and that he will be closing the Chick-Fil-A tonight, but he will soon have to quit when he moves to West Chester to start school next fall, we continue to catch up with each other, until the miserable Wawa cashier who was quite older, yells “I can help who’s next” As I hand the miserable Wawa worker my last $20 bill from my wallet I ask him to put it onto pump 8 please, While doing the transaction the cashier say’s “kid, you remind me of myself at your age, get out of the service industry before you get stuck in it”.

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As the Saturday Sun rises my mother and father decide to get ready for breakfast at Nifty Fifties, as I would love to join them I simply cannot. I have to go to work. While my parents exit the house with a smile on their face, I proceed to getting dressed in my uniform, I do the usually Clean off my work shoes, tuck in my shirt, tie my tie, and push my hair to the side. As I check the time I realize that time has gotten the best of me and I had to leave the house, to be on time. On my commute I stop at Wawa to get my regular coffee with 3 packets of sugar and a dash of milk. While in line I see my neighbor James wearing his West Chester shirt with a nice pair of shorts, he approaches me with this weird, almost uncanny pep in his step, and smile on his face. James ask me if I would like to join him on his adventure to the mall to buy a new cooler for his uncle’s house in Wildwood for Memorial Day weekend. I wanted to go but I told him that I cannot and must go to work immediately because I was running late, I quickly rush out of Wawa after paying for my coffee, on my way back to my car I see the same older man from the other day and he says “I still see that you have that uniform on better take it off before it’s too late”.

I rush into the Chick-Fil-A at 9:59 A.M. having less than a minute before my shift starts, I quickly clock in, as I clock in I read my time punch receipt and it says “Clocked-In 10:00 A.M.:”. It’s time to start my pointless day of doing the same old repetitive routines, counting the safe, setting up my shift for the day, sending all of the immature children that I have to manage on break in a timely and strategic fashion, managing them through the dinner rush like it’s their first time, and then worst of all cleaning up the store to do it again tomorrow. After my third 12 hour shift of the week is over, I do my typical routine of driving home, showering, going to bed, and waiting to do it all over again.

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I wake up on my day off, the Sunday of Memorial Day weekend watching all of my friend’s Snapchat stories seeing the adventure’s they have partaken in, swimming, drinking, relaxing, and listening to music. As I continue to scroll through the Snapchats my phone starts to vibrate. I answer the phone and as I answer the phone my friend Jake invites me over to hangout, I come over with the intentions of celebrating Memorial Day weekend. When I walk through his front door, I’m confronted with the smell of chocolate chip cookies, and with Jake sitting at his dining room table with his Mac book in front of him talking to a Financial Aid worker, trying to receive assistance on completing an issue with his Financial Aid. When he hangs up, he asks me “How’s work been?”

I reply, “Dude it sucks it’s good now money, but it consumes my life and is relatively terrible money.”

“I know, I can’t wait till I’m able to quit after this summer and move away to West Chester to focus on a real career.”

Jake enters the kitchen where he removes the cookies from the oven. This is when I take a seat at his dining room table and look at his laptop and see the Financial Aid website already open.

Jake speaks loudly from the kitchen and ask, “So have you been looking into finding a new job, or thought about returning to school?”

“No, I’ve been very busy, and I don’t believe I remember even how to school, It’s been two years since I graduated high school.”

“We have time now if you want to apply to school, and you’re not an idiot Don. It will come back to you.”

“Yea I believe it will come back to me, but during high school. I was never a great student, what if I fail college, and waste all of that money?”

“Like I said earlier, you’re not an idiot. You’ll realize how much money you’ll have to spend and won’t let yourself waste all of that time and money.”

“Yea, I suppose, but It’s Memorial Day Weekend. Can’t we just talk about this later, and like go get drunk?”

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What felt like an eternity of silence passed. I kept thinking, maybe I should try to go back to school. I slide his laptop in front of me and I clicked the green button that says “Start A New FAFSA”. A couple of hours pass, of answering question, after question, until I finally completed my FAFSA, applied to DCCC, and scheduled an appointment to take my placement test. During the time that I would usually spend playing on my phone, or scrolling through Instagram or Snapchat. I was able to accomplish some major first steps, into the right direction. Jakes phone starts to ring from the kitchen where he answers the phone, I can make out that he is talking about a BBQ, when he enters the room he says, “Now it’s time to get drunk”.

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After continuing the rut for another few weeks, I run to get into my car, to attempt to avoid being soaked by the relentless thunderstorm that was taking place, over the last week I decided to clean, and fix my car up a bit, There was a new steering wheel cover on it that fit the wheel just perfect and you would never know that the wheel it’s self was so worn. I plug my phone into a new cassette adapter and play shuffle where the song “Not Today” comes on by Twenty-One Pilots. I hit every possible red light that existed, and every puddle, on my way to take the placement test. After making it through all of the red lights, I can see the Delaware County Community College sign through my violently swinging windshield whippers, when I pull into the winding road that takes me to the parking lot, I could see the sun peak out above the clouds, for the first time all day. I continue down the winding road for another minute where I’m given the gift of front row parking. I exit my car, smell the fresh air after the relentless thunderstorm, finally halts for me to grab my backpack. I go to my back seat, to grab my backpack that my dirty Chick-Fil-A shirt has been hiding. I throw my stained Chick-Fil-A shirt that was laying on my backpack onto the floor of my car, put my backpack on take a deep breath of fresh air. I take a look up at the sky and see the clouds scurrying away like cockroaches, while I make my way into the school.